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BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

One of the countless picturesque scenes of Scotland forms the subject of our engraving this week. The varied and beautiful landscapes of "the land o' Cakes," have never ceased to be admired, but the attention of our sovereign being fixed on them, and the numerous additional visitors following in her train, give them, at the present moment, a sort of fashion which they have not always possessed.

The Bridge of Allan, which is three miles from Stirling, and a popular resort of Glasgownegians, is more valued for its romantic vicinity than for its antiquity. A town has, within these few years, grown up in this locality, which is now in a thriving state.

Allan Water is a river that runs into the Links of Forth, near Stirling. Our readers have perhaps heard more of its banks than of the river itself, from the great popularity which a ballad, from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq., called "The Banks of Allau No. 1235.]

Water," obtained, as sung by Mrs. Wood. The song tells the tale of a fair one, a miller's lovely daughter, who gave her affections to a soldier. The sequel cannot be better told than in the fanciful but touching language of the author of "The Monk."

"On the banks of Allan Water when brown autumn spread its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter, but she smiled

no more.
For the summer grief had brought her, and the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water none was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, when the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter, chilling blew the blast.

But the miller's lovely daughter both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water there a corse lay she."

That a beautiful girl, and the daughter of a miller should have loved a soldier, and be cruelly forsaken, is not very improbable, but we do not know that it was true.

[VOL. XLIV.

The favour, however, which this sweetly plaintive strain obtained, has given the locality additional interest in the eyes of English tourists, and few visit Stirlingshire without desiring to gaze on the "Banks of Allan Water."

MEMOIR OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Though politics are not admitted into the pages of the *Mirror*, historical events are; and the coming of a French king for the first time as a friendly visitor since the time of King John, who was made prisoner by Edward, the Black Prince, at Poitiers, to the monarch of this country, will assuredly live in our annals for centuries to come. A memoir of this prince, though we have not now to mention him for the first time, will nevertheless be acceptable to our readers.

His course has not been one of peace or unbroken triumph. Exposed to more than the ordinary vicissitudes of human life from standing next to the throne, and from boundless wealth, it was his lot to be hurled by one of those moral storms which at times shake a state to its foundation. Louis Philippe was cast on the world almost friendless to pine in poverty and exile. His royal father, known as *Citizen Egalité*, expiated on the scaffold the countenance he had unwisely given to the desperate theorists, who, half a century ago, undertook the regeneration of France. Louis Philippe was born in 1773. He was the eldest of three sons, and the Duke, his father, placed his education under the superintendence of Madame de Genlis. His youth was one of much promise. When fifteen years of age he proposed saving a fund out of his pocket-money for charitable purposes. Of his worth Madame de Genlis has left this fair record:

"The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the last year; he was born with good inclinations; he is now become intelligent and virtuous. He has none of the frivolity of his age; he sincerely disdains the puerilities which occupy the pursuits of so many young men—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, trifles of all kinds, the rage for following novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested; despises glare, and is, consequently, truly noble; lastly, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

When seventeen years of age he was introduced by his father to the Jacobins. He took the title of citizen, and he preferred it to all that he had previously worn. Seve-

ral brave and generous actions connect themselves with that portion of his life. In one instance he gallantly risked his own life by leaping into a deep river to save an engineer who was about to sink.

In the early wars between the Republic and Austria he held a command, and was greatly distinguished at Genappes, Tirlemont, and Varroux. He also signalled himself at the battle of Nerwinde, but as the result was unfortunate, he and General Dumourier were summoned to appear before the Committee of Public Safety. This intimation was understood by the Duke and by General Dumourier to be preparatory to sending them to the guillotine; and instead of obeying the mandate, they withdrew from France.

A sad and interesting, but a glorious, period of his life now opens. He went to Mons, where the Austrian head-quarters were, and was kindly received by the Archduke Charles, who invited him to take a command in the Austrian army, but he declined, as he could not bring himself to draw his sword against France. Then, having obtained passports as an English traveller, he went through Germany and Switzerland. His slender resources were soon exhausted, and he, though born a prince, was glad to accept the situation of professor at the College of Reichenau, to which, after a rigid examination, he was admitted, in October, 1793, under the name of M. Chabaud, being then in his twenty-second year. There he remained, teaching history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for eight months, when, such was the respect inspired by his exemplary conduct, that he was appointed the deputy of the college to the Assembly of Coire.

While still an exile he received the distressing intelligence of his father's death. He afterwards visited Hamburgh, Sweden, and Norway, and occupied his mind in studying their history, and the manners of the people. His mode of travelling was that of a simple pedestrian, with a staff and a knapsack.

Some negotiation took place between him and the French Directory in 1796, in consequence of which he withdrew to America. There he became the friend of General Washington. He visited many parts of that continent, and once having bled an Indian chief, with a successful result, he received a reward on which he could hardly have calculated. Mr. Wright, the author of "The Life and Times of Louis Philippe," tells us:—

"It was customary in this tribe, that the whole family, however illustrious, should sleep upon one spacious mat, the relations being all ranged according to proximity,

rank, age, and other discriminating circumstances. In acknowledgement of the services rendered by the Duke to the grandfather of the chief's family, he was permitted to pass the night upon the family mat between the grandmother and grand aunt, the highest honour ever conferred by that tribe upon an individual of any age or colour."

With his brothers the Duke subsequently went to the Havannah, but there the Spanish government would not allow them to remain. They then proceeded to Halifax, where they were received with much cordiality by the Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty; and shortly after that, they sailed for England, and reached Falmouth in February, 1800.

The royal brothers established themselves at Twickenham, and became reconciled to the other branches of the French royal family. Here Louis-Philippe remained, till he lost his brothers by death. Then seeking change of scene, he proceeded to Sicily, and here he engaged the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the King, and it would appear that the Queen of Naples made her consent to the marriage of her daughter to the Duke, conditional upon the latter taking part in the wild expedition, which was to make her second son, Leopold, Regent of Spain. The Duke of Orleans entered upon this project, and conducted himself in it, with as much prudence and discretion as could be expected. This did no service to the character of the Duke of Orleans in the estimation of the French people; but the presence of the Duke on the coast of Spain seems to have suggested to some of the patriotic party in that country, that it would be beneficial to the cause, if the Prince should place himself at their head, he being the only member of the Bourbon family who enjoyed a military reputation. The Duke of Orleans was appointed by the Central Junta, to the command of a corps in Catalonia; but all the proceedings of the patriot leaders were so wild and extravagant, that the project came to nothing.

The disappointment of the Queen of Naples in her Spanish project provoked her to throw impediments in the way of the marriage between her daughter and the Duke of Orleans, who, however, proceeded to Palermo in order to face his calumniators, and this bold step dissipated the fresh cloud which seemed about to gather over his fortunes. On the 25th of November, 1819, his royal highness was united to the Princess, in presence of his venerated mother, who came to Palermo expressly on the occasion. "If ever a marriage contract was formed, between two individuals of

such exalted rank, without the least admixture of ambition or interest," observes Mr. Wright, "it was that of the Princess Amelia with the wandering Duke of Orleans."

He re-visited Spain, and offered his services to the Patriots, as they were called, when the standard of Ferdinand VII was raised; but was ordered by the Cortes to quit the country in twenty-four hours. Upon this ungracious reception, he returned to Palermo, where he remained till the fall of Napoleon, in 1814. The event was known at Palermo on the 23d of April, and on the 18th of May the Duke was in Paris, which he had not seen for more than twenty years.

"On the following day," writes his biographer, "Louis Philippe was presented to the King at the Palace of the Tuilleries, in the Sicilian costume, not choosing to wait for a French court suit, lest his Majesty might imagine that he had not been sufficiently diligent in appearing among the Royal family. As the Duke approached Louis XVIII descended, and, advancing towards him, said, 'Your Highness was a lieutenant-general in the service of your country twenty-five years ago, and you are still the same.' The King had actually appointed him to this rank three days before his arrival in Paris. 'Sire,' replied the Duke, 'I shall henceforth present myself before your Majesty in this uniform.'"

After the return of Bonaparte, the Duke, though he adhered to the royal court, shrunk from being engaged in a civil war. He quitted France, and again took up his abode at Twickenham, to bury himself in oblivion. The second fall of Bonaparte enabled him to return to his native country. By Louis XVIII he was received coldly at court, and the King made no secret of his limited confidence in him. The Duke had even been looked upon by some as fitter to fill such a throne as that of France than any individual of the elder branch of his family, and the manner in which he was persecuted by the servile part of the French press increased his popularity. What followed is soon told. A sudden outburst of popular indignation in the metropolis vacated the throne; the Duke of Orleans was placed in the post of "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," and on the 31st of July, 1830, he accompanied the Deputies from the provincial Government *en bourgeois*, with a tricolor cockade. The Chamber of Deputies, headed by Lafayette, soon afterwards proceeded to the Palais Royale, and made a tender of the crown to his Royal Highness, who accepted it, regarding the declaration of the Chamber, "as the expression of the national will."

NUPTIAL FESTIVITY.

Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn has lately published a series of letters, written while on her travels. One of them offers the following rich picture of an Arab wedding, which she witnessed at Beyrout:—

"A marriage festivity has always something of constraint and unpleasantness about it; the tumult is annoying to the newly-wedded pair, and the guests hardly know why they should make themselves so merry. But our European weddings have nothing to rival the torment of an Arab marriage-feast. The knot was tied about noon, according to the rites of the Greek church. After [this the bride was conducted into one chamber and the bridegroom into another—she surrounded with her female relatives and friends, and he with all the gentlemen to keep him company;—and thus, separately, the young couple were entertained with music, songs, dances, conversations, visits, eating and drinking—only for three days and three nights—no longer! What do you think of such a colossal capacity for amusement? I must confess that I was wearied even with my half-hour's visit. The master of the house, a cousin of the fatherless bride, received me, and led me into the ladies' apartment. As I entered they all arose from the low broad sofa, so as to stand upon the cushion, and at this evolution the bride was supported on each side by her neighbours, as it is a point of etiquette on such an occasion that she should move as little as possible. I was allowed to take a seat beside her, and had a fair opportunity of contemplating her remarkable figure. A figure, indeed, and very much like a doll! She must not speak a syllable, must not look upon a person, nor change a feature, nor open an eye—to make this last point of etiquette sure, the eyelashes are besmeared with some gummy composition. Her eyebrows are painted black, and high-arched; her cheeks are painted red; the hands are tattooed with dark-blue arabesque, and the finger-nails stained yellow. Certainly, if after three days such a bride was introduced to an European, his first exclamation would be, "Wash yourself, my angel!" As there was neither music nor dancing here, I was glad to hasten my visit to the bridegroom, who was confined in another room by Arab marriage-etiquette. But he was allowed to move, talk, and look about him, and, indeed, seemed very cheerful. Here there was music. In a corner of the room the musicians were seated on the floor, one beating upon two kettle-drums, another striking a sort of dulcimer, and the third labouring upon some little stringed instrument—all the three singing too with all their bodily might, in the most discordant tones that can issue from the

human throat, mingling together with wild screams, with guttural and nasal sounds—a terrible concert! I stayed a little while, and then made my escape, glad enough that I had not to stay, like the other visitors, until the next morning. I have nerves strong enough to encounter some hardships, but not for such amusements."

THE DEATH OF LORD MACGUIRE.

There are circumstances connected with the execution of Lord Macguire, in 1644, which formeth a striking contrast to the course pursued towards criminals condemned to death in our time. To every humane mind it must appear evident that the change is for the better, though instances have occurred in which it has been charged, that most abominable offenders have been pelted and dealt with as if they had been illustrious victims, who had rendered some great service to their country.

Lord Macguire was accused of being concerned in the Irish massacre which occurred in the year 1641. The murders then committed were certainly marked by every horrible barbarity that could startle and exasperate. Neither age nor sex were spared. Females in that state, which of all others would move compassion in hearts not dead to feeling, were mercilessly murdered, in the most horrible manner. Of being concerned in these dreadful proceedings, Lord Macguire, after a trial, in which the celebrated Prynne appeared against him, was found guilty.

The unhappy peer was immediately sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He requested that he might be sent to Newgate. The counsel opposed to him, sarcastically remarked that he made that application because there were some popish priests in that prison. He then asked that some one of his own religion might attend to confess him, and to converse with him. He was told to name some one. "I desire, then," said he, "to confer with Mr. Walter Montague." "Belike," says the reporter of this scene, "because he knew him to be a popish priest, or a Jesuit." The following conversation then passed:—

Judge: You must prepare yourself to die on Saturday next.

Macguire: I desire a fortnight's time to prepare myself.

Judge: That is too long a space, and I cannot grant it, but you shall have convenient time.

Macguire: I desire that I may have three days' notice, at least, to prepare myself.

Judge: You shall have three days warning, but, however, delay no time to prepare yourself.

He was advised by Prynne to consult some godly minister, but he declined seeing any one but a priest of his own persuasion. A petition that the manner of his execution might be changed was presented and rejected by the parliament. The reporters of the time give the following picture of the last awful scene:—

On Thursday, February the 20th, he was drawn on a sledge from the Tower through London, and so to Tyburn; when being removed into a cart, he kneeled and prayed awhile. After which Sheriff Gibbs spake to him, representing the heinousness of his crimes, and the vast number that had been murdered by that conspiracy, for which he was to suffer, and therefore exhorted him to express his sorrow for it. In answer to which he said, "I desire Almighty God to forgive me my sins."

Sheriff Gibbs: Do you believe you did well in those wicked actions?

Macguire: I have but a short time, do not trouble me.

Sheriff: It is but just I should trouble you that you may not be troubled for ever.

Macguire: I beseech you, sir, trouble me not, I have but a little time to spend.

Sheriff: Sir, I shall give you as much time afterwards as you shall spend to give satisfaction of the people; I do require you, as an instrument set in God's stead here, to make an acknowledgment to the people, whether you are sorry for what you have done, or no? whether it be good or no?

Macguire: I beseech you do not trouble me; I am not disposed to give you an account. Pray give me leave to pray.

Doctor Silbald: Give glory to God, that your soul may not be presented to God with the blood of so many thousand people.

Sheriff: You are either to go to heaven or hell; if you make not an ingenious confession your case is desperate. Had you any commission or no?

Macguire: I tell you that there was no commission that ever I saw.

Sheriff: Who were actors or plotters with you, or gave you any commission?

Macguire: For God's sake, give me leave to depart in peace.

Then they asked him if he had not some pardon or bull from the pope for what he did: to which he only answered, "I am not of the same religion with you." And being further urged about bull or pardon, said, "I saw none of it; all that I knew I delivered in my examination; all that I said in my examination is true; all that I said is right; I beseech you let me depart in peace;" he continued mumbling over a paper which he had in his hand, as he had done from his first coming. The Sheriff commanded his pockets to be searched, whether he had no bull or pardon about him, but they found in his pockets only

some beads and a crucifix, which were taken from him; and then Doctor Silbald said to him, "Come, my lord, leave those and acknowledge your offence to God and the world; one drop of the blood of Jesus Christ is able to purge away the heavy load of blood that is upon you; it is not your *Ave Maria's* nor these things will do you any good; but it is *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata Mundi*." The Lord Macguire seemed not to regard his discourse, but read out of his paper to the people as followeth:

"Since I am here to die, I desire to depart with a quiet mind, and with the marks of a good christian, that is, asking forgiveness, first of God, and next of the world. And I do forgive, from the bottom of my heart, all my enemies and offenders, even those that have an hand in my death. I die a Roman Catholick, and although I have been a great sinner, yet am I now, by God's grace, heartily sorry for all my sins, and I do most confidently trust to be saved (not by my own works, but only) by the passion, merits, and mercy of my dear Saviour, Jesus Christ, into whose hand I commend my soul."

And then added "I beseech you, gentlemen let me have a little time to say my prayers."

Sheriff: Sir, if you answer ingenuously to those questions we shall ask you, you shall have time afterwards. Whether do you account the shedding of Protestant blood to be a sin or not? And whether do you desire pardon of God for that sin?

Macguire: I do desire pardon of God for all my sins; I cannot resolve you in anything for my part.

Sheriff: You can tell what your conscience dictates to you; do you think it was a sin or not?

Macguire: For my part I cannot determine it.

Sheriff: Then now it seems nothing to you to kill so many?

Macguire: How do you mean killing of them? To tell you my mind directly, for the killing I do not know that, but the Irish had a just cause for their war.

Sheriff: Was there any assault made upon you? Had you not entered into a covenant? Had you not engaged by oath yourself to the king.

Macguire: For Jesus Christ's sake, I beseech you to give me a little time to prepare myself.

Sheriff: Have pity upon your own soul. Macguire: For God's sake have pity on me, and let me say my prayers.

Sheriff: I say the like to you, in relation to your own soul; whether you think the massacre of so many thousand Protestants was a good act? For Jesus Christ's sake have pity upon your own soul.

Macguire: Pray let me have a little time to say my prayers.

All this while his eyes was mostly upon his papers, mumbling over something out of them to himself; whereupon one Sheriff demanding those papers of him, he flung them down; they were taken up and given to the Sheriff. They asked him farther, whether there was not some agreement with the recusants here in England. Whereupon he answered, "I take it upon my death I do not know that any man knew of it;" and with some other such like talk, the Sheriff bidding him prepare for death, he said, "I do beseech all the Catholics that are here to pray for me. I beseech God to have mercy upon my soul." And so he was executed.

The Wandering Jew.

BY EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER III.—ADRIENNE'S ENEMIES.

The Princess's valet soon afterwards entered the room, accompanied by a little pale-faced man, clothed in black, wearing spectacles, and carrying under his arm a large portfolio.

"The Abbé," said the Princess, addressing this singular-looking personage, "has told you what you are to do." On receiving an answer in the affirmative, advancing towards a small chamber adjoining the room, and separated only by a thin partition, she told him to enter, and that she would let him know when he was to begin. She then rang the bell, and Doctor Baleinier, an important character in this story, was ushered into the room.

The Doctor was about fifty years of age, of middle height, had long grey hair, separated in front, a pleasing countenance, with a keen grey eye, which indicated penetration and sagacity. He wore, probably on account of his handsome leg, knee-breeches of black silk, and a black coat and waistcoat, which rendered his appearance rather clerical.

The Doctor, a man of the world, gifted with loquacious powers, united to great knowledge and incontestible merit, was, nevertheless, for a long time unknown—a being of obscurity; but no sooner had he gained the patronage of the Princess de St. Dizier, than he was immediately brought into notice, and M. Baleinier soon became the most popular physician in Paris.

When he entered he went up, with per-

fect gallantry, to the Princess, and kissed her hand.

"Ah! you are always exact, my dear Doctor," said Madame de St. Dizier.

"Always happy—always in haste to obey your orders, Madame." Then turning to the Marquis, he took him cordially by the hand, and shook it, adding, "You have at last arrived. Do you know that you have been three months absent, which is a long time for your friends."

"The time, my dear Doctor, is as long to those who are away, as it is to those who remain at home. Well, the great day has arrived. Mademoiselle de Cardoville will be here shortly."

"I am not without fear," said the Princess. "Perhaps she suspects something."

"Impossible!" said the Doctor. "She and I are the best friends in the world. No farther back than yesterday we were laughing heartily together; and as I made, according to my custom, several observations upon her eccentric ways, she ridiculed what I had said in the most lively and piquant manner. I must admit that she is one of the most original and spirited persons that I know."

"Doctor! doctor!" said Madame de St. Dizier, "let us have, at least, no weak points."

"Weak points, Madame," said the Doctor, taking a pinch of snuff; "have I not had the honour of voluntarily offering my services to free you from your present embarrassing position?"

"And you alone," said the Marquis d'Aigrigny, "can render us this important service."

"You will find, Madame, that I am not a man of weak points. I perfectly understand that which I have undertaken to execute; but allow me, as a man of taste and of good society, to render justice and homage to the charming and distinguished intellect of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. When the moment arrives you will find me at work."

"Perhaps that moment is nearer than you imagine," said the Princess, glancing at the Marquis.

"I am and will always be ready," said the Doctor. "I wish I was as easy on every matter as on this. While waiting for Mademoiselle Adrienne I will tell you a few words about the person who has bought the Cardoville estate. Through the medium of Rodin I was appointed physician to Madame de la Sainte Colombe. At first it was considered that it would be easy to deal with her, but latterly she has been refractory; and a certain Jacques Dumoulin, whom you know, my dear Abbé, has by some means or other introduced himself to her."

"Jacques Dumoulin," said the Marquis, contemptuously, "is a writer whom

every one employs, and whom every one despises; but it must be acknowledged that his pen is powerful and venomous, and what renders him useful to us is his wonderful theological knowledge."

"Well," continued the Doctor, "although Madame de la Sainte Colombe is about sixty years of age, Dumoulin, in consideration of her property, has cast a matrimonial eye upon her. You will do well to acquaint Rodin with this, that he may take proper steps to thwart the views of this singular man."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Marquis, in surprise.

"It is now twelve o'clock," said the Princess, "and the Baron Tripeaud has not yet arrived."

"He is the deputy tutor of Mademoiselle de Cardoville," said the Marquis. "His presence is indispensable, and he ought to be here before her arrival."

"It is a pity," said the Doctor, with a malicious grin, drawing a pamphlet from his pocket, "that his portrait cannot do in his stead."

"What is that?" demanded the Princess.

"One of those anonymous pamphlets which are constantly appearing. It is entitled 'The Scourge,' which gives a faithful portrait of the Baron:—

"M. le Baron Tripeaud, a man who as basely humbles himself before certain social superiors, as he is insolent and haughty to those who depend upon him—a man who is a living and terrifying incarnate, a cynic speculator, without heart, without faith, without soul; who would barter the body of his mother, provided a sufficient sum were given for it. Let us take a biographical sketch of M. le Baron:—André Tripeaud, son of an ostler."

At this moment two knocks were heard, and the valet announced M. le Baron Tripeaud.

The Doctor put his pamphlet into his pocket, cordially saluted the financier, and finished by shaking him heartily by the hand.

After the Baron had saluted all parties, he asked if the Princess's intentions were still unchanged regarding Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"They are always the same; and it is to put them into execution that we have met to day."

"Madame, you can depend upon me. I think the greatest severity ought to be put in practice, and that even if it was necessary to—"

"It is also our opinion," interrupted the Marquis, who pointed to the door of the room where the man with the spectacles was. "We all agree in this respect: but let us have no doubt in the case; let us look alone to her interest."

"Mademoiselle has arrived," said the valet. "She wishes to know if she can see you, Madame."

"Tell her that I am waiting for her. Remember I am now at home to no one."

The Princess went to the chamber in which the man was hidden, and made a sign to him.

Strange! for a minute or two the different actors in the scene seemed uneasy and embarrassed. At last Mademoiselle de Cardoville entered.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SKIRMISH.

On entering, Mademoiselle de Cardoville took off her grey beaver hat, which she had put on to cross the garden, thereby exposing her golden tresses, which hung in clusters round her open and joyful countenance, while her large blue eyes seemed more brilliant than ordinarily. When she saw the Marquis d'Aigrigny, she made a sudden movement of surprise, and a smile of derision played upon her vermilion lips. After she had inclined her head graciously to the doctor, and passed before the Baron Tripeaud without noticing him, she saluted the Princess with a half reverential air.

Strange and remarkable! Although the Marquis d'Aigrigny was a man of the world, a man of great mind, one of the most eloquent of the church, and a man of authority, still he felt uneasy and abashed in the presence of this young lady, who was as remarkable for her open disposition, as for her cutting irony.

"You asked me, aunt, to come here to speak to you on matters of importance," said Adrienne, breaking the silence that had reigned since she had entered.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," replied the Princess, with a cold and severe air; "a grave and important matter."

"I am ready, aunt. Shall we go into your library?"

"No; we can speak here. These gentlemen are old friends of our family. Everything that interests you affects them; and their advice ought to be listened to, and accepted by you with respect."

"I do not discredit the friendship that M. d'Aigrigny has for our family; and I doubt as little the devoted and disinterested sincerity of M. Tripeaud. M. Baleinier is one of my old friends; but, before accepting these gentlemen for spectators, or, if you prefer the word, listeners, to our conversation, I wish to know what we are going to speak about."

"I thought, Mademoiselle, that amongst your strange pretensions, you included openness and courage."

"As for that, my aunt," replied Adrienne, jeeringly, "I pretend no more to

openness and courage than you to sincerity and goodness. Let us agree, then, that we are what we are, without pretensions to anything."

"Let it be so. For a long time I have been accustomed to the whims of your independent spirit: I therefore thought that, free and courageous as you say you are, you would not be afraid to answer before these respectable gentlemen what you would say if we were alone."

"It is, then, an examination in form that I am to submit to?"

"It is not an examination. But as you abused the kindness which I had shown in overlooking your caprices, I wish to put a term to them, and to tell the friends of our family my irrevocable resolution as to the future. The idea that you have formed of my power over you is incorrect, Mademoiselle."

"I assure you, my aunt, that I had never an idea on the matter. That never gave me the least concern."

"It is my fault. Instead of humouring your whims and fancies, I ought to have made you feel my authority; but the time has now come to subdue you; your character must be changed, whether by consent or force. You hear what I say?"

"You say, my aunt, that I shall change, which would not astonish me. We have seen conversions *so strange*."

The Princess bit her lips, while the Marquis d'Aigrigny said, coldly, "A sincere conversion is never strange; but, on the contrary, meritorious."

"Very good," said Adrienne. "To convert one's faults into vices—excellent!"

"What do you say, Mademoiselle?" cried the Princess.

"Only speaking of myself, my aunt. If I was going to become wicked and hypocritical; indeed I would rather cherish my little faults, and look upon them as spoiled children."

"Nevertheless," said the Baron Tripeaud, "you cannot deny that a conversion—"

"I believe M. Tripeaud is *au fait* at the conversion of all kinds of things into all kinds of benefits, by all kinds of means. There is no use in my guessing at enigmas. I desire, aunt, to know the motive and end of this *re-union*."

"You will be satisfied, Mademoiselle. I will tell you all in an explicit manner; you will know the manner in which you must henceforth conduct yourself; and if you refuse to submit respectfully and obediently to my orders, I shall then know what to do."

These last words were spoken in a haughty and imperious tone. Adrienne, contrary to the expectations of all present, who expected a sharp reply, burst into a fit of laughter, saying—

"This is really a declaration of war."

"It is no declaration of war," said the Marquis, dryly.

"Ah, monsieur," replied Adrienne. "To be an old colonel, you are severe at my comparison—you, who owe so much to war—you, who, thanks to it, commanded a French regiment, after having fought for a long time against France."

At these words, which awakened painful recollections in the mind of the Marquis, his face became red, and he was about to reply, when the Princess said—

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, your conduct is quite intolerable."

"Well, aunt; I acknowledge that I am wrong; I acknowledge that this is anything but amusing; still it is curious. But what is your determination, aunt; what is the line of conduct that I am to adopt, and what is the punishment should I refuse? By-the-bye, let me also inform you and these gentlemen the determination I had taken. I did not intend telling you it till later, but I cannot resist affording you that pleasure, because you seem in such an excellent humour, and are so desirous of listening. I have decided to do that which others from weakness dare not. This is plain, I think."

"Very precise," said the Princess, exchanging a look of satisfaction with the other actors in this scene.

A few minutes' silence ensued. Mademoiselle de Cardoville had penetration enough to remark that the Princess attached great importance to this interview; but the young girl could not understand how her aunt could foster the idea of ever having it in her power to impose upon her an absolute will. Notwithstanding, she knew the vindictive character of her aunt, the tenebrous influence that she possessed, and the dreadful vengeance which she often inflicted. Vaguely searching for danger, far from enfeebling the young girl, it stimulated her to brave it—to maintain her independence—and to carrying out her determination, which she had notified to the Princess.

CHAPTER V.—THE REVOLT.

"I ought, Mademoiselle, in justice to myself," said the Princess, coldly, "to inform these gentlemen of several events which took place after the death of your father, which is now nine months ago; you were then eighteen, and at that age you desired to live alone, which I unfortunately agreed to. Instead of contenting yourself with one or two servants, you chose women, with whom you associated, and whom you dressed in the various costumes of by-gone ages. Your follies have been without bounds; not only you have neglected your religious duties, but you had the effrontery

to profane one chamber, by erecting several pagan altars, and placing near them a marble group, representing various young men and women. Objects of art they may be, but a person of your age could not have chosen anything more reprehensible. You have shut yourself up for days, and would not be seen, and when Dr. Baleinier, the only one of our friends in whom you have confidence, has, by dint of perseverance, penetrated into the heart of your abode, he has found you in so great a state of excitement, that he has been often fearful of your health. You have always gone out alone, and will not render an account to any one; nor will you listen to my authority. Is not this true?"

"This picture of the past is not very flattering," said Adrienne, "but still it is not entirely without resemblance."

"Then, Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "you allow that all the Princess has said, is scrupulously true?"

All eyes were fixed on the young girl, who replied, "Without doubt, sir; my actions have been so open, that they render the question useless."

"They are then acknowledged," said the Abbé.

"But, my aunt, why this preamble?"

"This preamble, Mademoiselle, serves to expose the past, in order to guide the future. From to-day, you will submit blindly to my will; and will do nothing without my permission."

Adrienne looked fixedly at her aunt, then burst into a fit of laughter. The Marquis and the Baron looked indignantly, the Doctor lifted his eyes upwards, and the Princess regarded her niece with an air of rage.

"Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "such shouts of laughter are not at all called for."

"O sir," interrupted Adrienne, "whose fault is it? How can I remain motionless, when I hear my aunt speak to me about a blind submission to her orders. Is it possible for a swallow, accustomed to fly in the open heavens, and to sport in the rays of the sun, to live in the hole of the mole?"

The Princess looked furious. "What does she mean?" asked the Marquis. "I do not know," replied the Baron.

"Come, come," said the Doctor; "we must be indulgent; Mademoiselle has naturally an original mind; she is certainly the most charming foolish creature I ever knew."

"I know," said the Princess, "that your attachment to Mademoiselle Adrienne renders you indulgent; but to-morrow she quits the pavilion; she shall send away her females; she shall occupy two rooms in my house, where none can reach her without going through my apartment; she shall never go out alone; I will charge myself with

all her expenses, as she will not have any money at her command till her majority, which, fortunately, through the intervention of a council of our family, has been indefinitely postponed. Such is my will."

"Your resolution, Madame, is praiseworthy," said the Baron.

"It is more than time to put an end to such goings on," said the Marquis; while the Doctor, who played his part admirably, ventured to say: "The singular character of Mademoiselle Adrienne, pleads excuses for many things."

Adrienne began to see that something of a grave nature was going on, and her gaiety gave place to the most bitter irony. She rose suddenly, her face became red, her eyes sparkled, she slightly drew back her head by a movement of pride which was natural to her; and said, in a firm voice; "You have spoken, Madame, of the past; I will also say a few words; but remember, you forced me to it. It is true that I left your house; but what was the reason; because I could not live in such an atmosphere of vile hypocrisy and black perfidy."

"Mademoiselle," said the Marquis, "such words are as violent as they are unpardonable."

"Since you interrupt me, sir," said Adrienne, fixing her keen gaze upon the Marquis, "tell me the examples I found at my aunt's?"

"Excellent examples, Mademoiselle."

"Excellent, sir! Is it because I each day saw her conversion in unison with your own—?"

"Mademoiselle, you forget yourself," said the Princess, pale with rage.

"No, Madame, I cannot forget. I had no relation from whom I could ask a home. I therefore wished to live alone, and to enjoy my riches according to my fancy, because I should not like to have seen them wasting away in the hands of M. Tripeaud."

"Mademoiselle," cried the Baron, "I do not understand how you permit yourself to—"

"Enough, sir," interrupted Adrienne, "I speak of you, but I am not speaking to you. I therefore wished to spend my income according to my inclination. I embellished the retreat which I had chosen. For servants, I engaged young girls who were poor, but who had been well brought up. Their education prevented me from treating them as servants, so I rendered their condition as agreeable as possible. They did not serve me, they rendered me services; and I paid them, because I was grateful. Instead of seeing them badly clothed, I dressed them in robes which became their charming countenances, because I love what is young and beautiful. I go out alone, for that pleases me. I

do not go to mass, it is true; but had I a mother, I would tell her what were my devotions, and she would tenderly embrace me. I have erected an altar to youth and beauty, for I adore God in all that is lovely, good, noble, and great. M. Baleinier, you say, has often found me in solitude, a prey to strange exaltations; yes, that is true. It is then, when carried away by my thoughts, from all that renders the present so painful, so odious, that I take refuge in the future; it is then that I discern magical horizons—it is then that splendid visions surround me; and I feel myself enraptured in sublime extacy, and that I no longer belong to this earth. It is then, that I breathe a pure and free air—free, free—so salubrious, so grateful to the soul. Yes, instead of seeing my sisterhood so brutally humiliated by those, who, by their seductive wiles, have drawn them into slavery; have, in graciousness, robbed them, in perfidy enchanted them—I see these noble sisters, worthy and sincere, because they are free; faithful and devoted, because they choose for themselves; neither haughty nor humiliating, because they have no masters to flatter. These are not only consoling visions, but sincere and holy hopes."

Adrienne stopped to take breath. She did not perceive that the actors in this scene seemed delighted.

"It is only by exciting her," said the Marquis, whispering, "that we can bring her to the requisite point."

Adrienne looked round, and smiling to the doctor, said, "You must acknowledge that there is nothing more ridiculous than allowing oneself to be carried away by certain thoughts. This affords an excellent opportunity to ridicule my exalted ideas, as they term them; but, at present, I abandon my dreams for realities. You told me your intentions, Madame; then listen to mine. Before eight days expire I shall have left the pavilion for a house which I have fitted up according to my taste, and where I shall live according to my inclinations; for I have neither father nor mother to whom I can render an account of my actions."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle," said the Princess; "you forget that society exacts certain moral duties which we are charged to see performed; and we shall do so, rely upon it."

"Then, Madame, is it you, M. d'Aigrigny, and M. Tripeaud, who will represent the standard of morality. Is it because M. Tripeaud has considered that I ought to deliver up my fortune to him as you did yours? is it because the opportunity presents itself that I shall ask you for the interest of certain monies which I think you have concealed from me."

At these words the Marquis and the Princess trembled, and looked at each other in astonishment.

"This hotel, Madame, belongs to me; and since I leave it, it is indifferent to me, whether you remain in part of it or not; but the ground floor, which is empty, I have disposed of to three of my relations;—a young Indian prince, who is related to me by my mother's side, and two orphans, the daughters of Marshal Simon, who are also my relations."

These words had the effect of a thunderbolt upon the Marquis and the Princesses.

"You seem astonished," said Adrienne, looking at her aunt, "but I will astonish you more, by-and-bye. Marshal Simon is expected here daily, and you can easily imagine the pleasure I shall have in introducing him to his daughters."

"Certainly, you are generous, Mademoiselle, and act as if you had a mine in your possession."

"Madame, it is about a mine, that I wish to speak. Considerable as my fortune at present is, when compared to that which will fall to our family in a few days, it is nothing."

M. d'Aigrigny became violently agitated. The affair of the medals was so important, that neither the Doctor nor M. Tripeaud had been entrusted with the secret. The Princess, fearing her niece was going to divulge all, interrupted her by saying—

"There are several family secrets, Mademoiselle, which it is useless to speak of here. I intreat you to drop this subject."

"What have we been speaking about for the last hour, Madame, but matters interesting to those around us, who, you say, are the friends of our family. But you seem confused; so does M. d'Aigrigny. This throws light upon several suspicions which I have not had time to clear up. We shall see."

"Mademoiselle, I order you to be silent," cried the Princess, losing all command of herself.

A lucky event here took place, which relieved the Marquis and the Princess from their embarrassing position. The valet entered with a frightened aspect, saying, that several soldiers were in the court, who wished to see the Princess.

"M. d'Aigrigny," said the Princess, pleased at the interruption, "will you have the kindness to accompany me, to ascertain the cause of the appearance of these men."

The Marquis followed the Princess into the next room.

(To be continued).

LADY RACHEL.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND RELIGION.

When ardent love bears the impress of holy resignation—when animating reason imparts at once instant utility and commanding dignity to religion—how nobly amiable is the being in which they are combined. Such was Lady Rachel Russell, the consort of the celebrated Lord Russell. Her story is old; but often as the pen of the historian, and the pencil of the artist, have worthily labored to preserve the memory of such virtue, there are still points which deserve to be touched upon, and of which the serious reader will have to be reminded. As a remembrancer, Miss Costello's portrait of Lady Russell is worthy of perusal, though it presents little in the shape of authorship on her part to call for observation.

Attention has naturally been rivetted on this high minded lady's generous devotion and gallant bearing in those dread moments, when the axe of the executioner was about to sever the dearest tie of earth. But they do her injustice who only honour her for the heroic fortitude she could display in the hour of adversity. Let them turn back to contemplate her in those moments in which the sun of prosperity gilded her fortunes, when love and all that constitutes enjoyment were in appearance securely hers, and the full heart had not a wish to breathe. Then see how admirably she could bear the weight of golden gifts, and say who, like her, so sublimely studied the well-known Horatian precept.

She could love with ardour. Witness the following exquisite passages from one of her letters written to Lord Russell on the occasion of a temporary absence:—

"My best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and, this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance, if God see fit, of these present enjoyments? If not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here; what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow, as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon us. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being un-

prepared. Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon it: it is, from my opinion that, if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long, though, when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears; death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with!"

Having this before us, it is truly edifying to compare it with her deportment when the stern march of fate had changed the scene. What a lesson does it teach! While it mournfully reminds us that human felicity is but a rope of sand, how gloriously does it assure the christian that the heart attuned to piety, which can wisely enjoy the rich bounty of God with thankfulness and moderation, is that which will prove most firm when the darkness of life's closing day comes on, which would overwhelm the thoughtless votary of pleasure with wild consternation and unbecoming dismay. On the trial of his lordship:—

"Lady Rachel never allowed the poignancy of her feelings to overcome her presence of mind, or to chill her exertions in his behalf. Rousing all the energies of her nature, she bent their whole force to the accomplishing the only object which was now sacred in her duty; and during the rapid interval of her husband's arrest and imprisonment in the Tower, she never ceased her efforts to provide against the charges which would be brought forward to crush him. The trial came on, and Lord Russell did

—not want a faithful friend
To share his bitter fate's decree.

When the attorney-general's parsimonious indulgence, which grudged the patriot a legal adviser, permitted him to employ a servant to write notes for him, and the chief justice added—'Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please,' the memorable reply of Lord Russell was elicited: 'My wife,' said he, 'is here to do it;' and the daughter of Southampton, whose long services to his country nothing availed, stood forth, in the midst of a full court of her husband's enemies, undaunted in the discharge of her holy office. 'If my lady will give herself that trouble'—was the answer of the chief officer; while every cheek reddened with confusion as the resolute wife took her seat, with the pen in her hand, and her anxious eyes fixed on him for whom she would have willingly laid down her own life."

It was her happiness to have a husband who could appreciate the greatness of her mind. Faithful to duty she made every

imaginable effort but one, to save a life so dearly loved—that one, which she would not make, was to persuade her lord to abandon his honour. His lordship said:—

"He wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; yet, when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing as when he spoke of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse. At eleven o'clock (on Friday evening) my lady left him; he kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him; and said, what a misery it would have been if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. 'Whereas, otherwise, what a week should I have passed, if she had been still crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard.' He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness for him. But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all. He said he was glad that she and her children were to lose nothing by his death: and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes."

The majestic grief of Lady Russell scorned to waste itself in frantic wailing. She had something better to do than to mourn. It was her business to strengthen, not to subdue, the illustrious victim; and what a magnificent spectacle of courage and tenderness have we in the final scene of his lordship's life:—

"When the last hope of obtaining his pardon was at an end, and even a respite from Saturday to Monday was denied, Lady Russell conducted her children to their father's prison to take a last farewell. He received them with his customary serenity, blessing and embracing them. No recollections of a similar scene, in which his father and family were actors, rose to the mind of Charles Stuart, and filled his eyes with tears and his heart with pity. He was otherwise occupied, and had no time to spare from his *patriotic* pursuits to give a glance into the prison of the man who had endeavoured to save his country from ruin! Again, on that last fatal even-

ing, the wretched wife came to his prison. She shared her husband's last meal, conversed with him calmly, lingered hour after hour, and at length embraced and quitted him without a tear, which should unfit and unman him for his coming struggle."

Not for stage effect did Lady Russell thus deport herself. The touching humility of the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," was almost surpassed in the devout outpourings of the bereaved mourner:—

"Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it, but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows."

Her life was extended to forty years after Lord Russell's death, but his image was ever present to her mind.

"Where can I dwell," she exclaims, "that his figure is not present to me? nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligations on me."

She never quitted the state of widowhood. Bowing to the mysterious dispensations of Providence, she sought comfort for a wounded mind by teaching others to walk in the path of virtue. Such is woman's love, purified and exalted by religion!

A MISSIONARY AND LIONS.

A singular and appalling incident in a missionary life is described by Mr. Backhouse, in his narrations of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa.

"A few months ago, Roger Edwards, a missionary, residing at the Kuruman, had a narrow escape from lions, near this place. He was on his way from the colony; and after resting at Daniels Kuil, he had set out, with the intention of riding to the Kuruman in the night, having a led horse, and being accompanied by a Hottentot, who rode a mare, by the side of which a foal was running. Just as he arrived at some large, scattered bushes, a sudden impression on his mind induced him to alight from his horse, saying to the Hottentot, that they would stop there. The Hottentot accordingly dismounted; they took off their saddles, knee-haltered their horses, turned them loose to feed, and lay down under one of the bushes. They had not been there many minutes, when the mare screamed; they listened, and a lion roared; they raised themselves upon their knees; the horses having got clear of their knee-halters, galloped past them, taking the road towards Kuruman; the mare followed as she could, but her knee-halter had been too

tight to allow her to release herself from it; they were followed by four lions, at full speed; a fifth stopped short, and gazed for a time at the travellers, as if deliberating whether to spring upon them, or follow the others. The moon was just setting, but it still cast sufficient light to enable them to distinguish the terrific beast. The Hottentot in alarm, began to make a noise, but was immediately hushed by the missionary, whose knees, though not kneeling, smote together, and who said, if ever he prayed in sincerity, it was then, though it was a silent prayer. He thought five minutes might elapse while they were thus situated, but remarked that it might not be so much, as, under such circumstances, minutes necessarily seemed long. The lion at length sprang upon the path, and went after the others. The cries of the mare was heard at a distance, more and more faintly, till they ceased. The missionary and the Hottentot agreed to listen, lest the lions should return; as, in case of such an event, a few low trees near them afforded a forlorn hope of escape; but overpowered by fatigue and fear, they fell fast asleep, and did not awake till dawn of day."

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY,

"Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."
LUKE, c. ix, v. 52.

Thou whose sweet smile so lately cheered
The circle where its radiance fell;
Thou, in whose gentle soul insphered,
Affections pure were wont to dwell;
Thou, whose young heart was gushing o'er
With kindness, woman's loveliest grace;
Shalt seek thy early home no more,
Nor fill again thy vacant place.

How like a dream—regretted shade!
Appear the last few days of gloom,
How hard to fancy thou art laid
In Sorrow's last abode—the tomb.
I scarce can think that Death has stilled
The music of thy harmless mirth,
I cannot deem that bosom chilled,
Which throbbed with love for all on earth.

My soul is sad, but Faith restrains
The tears which 'twere relief to shed,
For thou, removed from worldly pains,
Art calmly sleeping—art not dead!
And HE, who takes from Death the power
To rear one trophy o'er the just,
Shall, in his own appointed hour,
Re-animate thy slumb'ring dust.
And Hope, divinely sent to bless,
Proclaims, and bids us weep no more,
That if Earth yields one tie the less,
In Heaven we have one treasure more.
Though broken is the friendly chain
Of thought, with thee below began,
Above it will be joined again,
Loved, lost, lamented Mary Ann!

These lines were written on the melancholy death of Miss Mary Ann Henderson, a young lady of great personal merit, who, being on a visit to her friends at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was thrown from a chaise, and lost her life on the seventeenth of last month.

ENSIGN SIMMONDS OF THE TENTH

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has written a lengthy tale, which, we understand, embodies facts which really occurred, growing out of the singular humour of Mr. Samuel Peach, a coachwasher of Sheffield.

It happened that, one Sunday morning, in September, 1815, Sam Peach was sitting in his coach office, "his custom always of an afternoon"—for he used to say that by attending to business, he was pretty sure of business attending to him—and engaged in examining a ledger. A gentleman came in and asked what was the coach fare to London? The clerk, with his pen across his mouth, after the fashion of persons who would fain appear excessively busy, answered, "One pun' fifteen out—two pun' ten in." The traveller desired to be booked for an outside place, if there were room.—"Not one seat taken," said the book keeper. "I suppose I had better pay here?" inquired the traveller.

"Just as you please," was the reply; "only until we have the money, you neither put foot into the coach, nor on it."

The money was accordingly disbursed out of a not very plethoric purse.

"What name?" asked the booking clerk.

"What name!" echoed the traveller.

"Ay, what name are we to book you by?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller, with a smile, "but I have been for some years where a man's name was the last question put to him. Put me down Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth."

Mr. Simmonds was duly entered in the book, and thence in the way bill.

Indeed he was not!

The moment the traveller had described himself as "Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth," Sam Peach closed the big ledger with an emphasis which sounded not unlike a pistol shot—pushed the fat booking clerk aside—took his place, with a countenance quite radiant with excitement, and, in his blandest tone, asked what name he should enter in the day book?

"Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth!"

"Well!" said Sam, in the subdued manner of a person holding a confidential conversation with himself—"well, my ears did not deceive me. What a singular thing this is!" Then, addressing Mr. Simmonds, he said, "in the army, sir."

"Why, considering that I bear her Majesty's commission, I think I may say that I am."

"Seen any actual service?"

"Yes; two years in the Peninsula, and in the last brush with the French at Waterloo."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam Peach. "Got a Waterloo Medal?"

"Ay, and a wound. Indeed I have been at home since my return, getting cured, and

now that I am on my legs again, I am off to the town to report myself at the Horse Guards as fit for duty. Our second battalion is to be disbanded, and as we are likely to have a long peace, I shall have some difficulty in getting upon full pay in another regiment."

"Then," said Sam Peach, rather anxiously, "I suppose you are not bound to be at the Horse Guards by any particular day?"

Mr. Simmonds replied that he was not.

"That being the case, sir," said Sam Peach, "it can't make any great difference your not being able to travel by any of my coaches this afternoon."

"Not go! after paying for my seat!"

"Afraid not; all the seats are engaged."

Here the fat book-keeper chimed in with, "Not one of them. Only look at the way bill."

But Sam Peach pushed the officious clerk away, declaring that he was "a stupid, who did not know what he was saying." Then, resuming his conversation with Mr. Simmonds, he added, "But, as you have paid your fare, I am bound to make the delay of no loss to you. My residence is within a few miles of the town. I shall feel gratified at your coming out to dine with me to day. In the morning I shall drive you in, if you like, and you can start for town by any coach you please."

Vainly did Mr. Simmonds assure Sam Peach that he had much rather proceed to London without delay—that he did not wish to intrude upon his hospitality—that he would prefer remaining at the Tontine.—Vainly, too, did he endeavour to ascertain, when it was evident there was no real impediment to his immediate journey to London, why Sam Peach would wish to detain him. But Sam, as if determined to play the host, steadily declined giving any explanation; and the result was, that at six o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Simmonds found himself seated at Sam Peach's table, discussing what any gentleman, even if he had campaigned in the Peninsula, and had hospitable fare at Brussels after the day of Waterloo, would be justified in considering an excellent dinner.

Such a thing as "taking the pledge" (except at the Lombard Arms), was not thought of at that time, and, therefore, a capital glass of wine did them no harm. Much they talked—Ensign Simmonds of the adventures he had met with while on foreign service, and Sam Peach, who was a capital listener, pleasantly keeping up the ball, by occasional shrewd questions and racy remarks. At last (but this was about the conclusion of the second bottle of that incomparable Port, which tasted like nectar, and smelt like a bouquet) Sam Peach grew communicative about himself; told how he had risen to opulence, by industry, from a

small commencement; and boasted how far above his wealth he prized his only daughter. "You shall see her in the morning," said he, "for I did not like to introduce you, until I saw whether my first impression would be confirmed on closer acquaintance. It is not every one, I can tell you, that I would introduce as my friend to my daughter Mary."

A capital breakfast the next morning; and not the less pleasant because pretty Mary Peach presided at the board, assisted (as her mother had been dead for many years) in such social duties by a maiden aunt, who was neither skinny nor skrewish,

"Pleasant weather!" observed Sam. "Are you much of the sportsman?"

"Rather," said Mr. Simmonds. "We had plenty of practice at the red-legged partridges on the Peninsula. You should have seen how Lord Wellington peppered them, when we had nothing else to do."

"Well," answered Sam, "unfortunately I had not the chance of seeing him. I think you said that you are not exactly tied to time as to your being in London, and if you would only make up your mind not to start until to-morrow, there's a famous Joe Manton in the hall, and I happen to own the preserves across yonder valley, and tell you that not a gun has been fired there this season."

So Mr. Simmonds remained for that day? To be sure he did. Fancy a young man of five and twenty, who had been on foreign service for three years, with a heart beating quick and fast within his bosom, and, at the same time, not engaged in any particular love affair. Fancy him, thrown into the constant society of Mary Peach, really a pretty, if not quite a beautiful girl—pressed to make the place his home as long as he pleased, and the quarters surprisingly comfortable. Fancy all this, and wonder if you can, at Mr. Simmonds quite forgetting that he ever had disbursed "one pun' fifteen" for the outside fare to London.

Eventually the narrative proceeds.

It had come to pass that Mr. Simmonds had a palpitation of the heart whenever Mary Peach spoke to him or looked at him.

In love with her, I dare say?

Exactly so.

Oh! I know how it will end—a scene with the lady—a blush or two—half a dozen tears, with a whisper, "Speak to my father."

No; when our hero found that he was in love, he took the opportunity of speaking to Sam Peach before he mentioned a word of the matter to the lady.

He was in a precious passion, no doubt.

Wrong again. He told Mr. Simmonds that he had been expecting something of the kind, for lookers-on see more of the game than the players; that under this

expectation, he had made inquiries as to Mr. Simmonds' family and prospects, was satisfied with the former, and should be glad to improve the latter, and that if he could obtain the lady's consent, no man upon earth would be more acceptable as a son-in-law.

Shortly after, Mr. Simmonds and Mary Peach were united, she being too good a daughter to decline giving an acceptable son-in-law to her father. What fortune she had was never exactly known, but they drove off from church in a handsome chariot and four, which Sam Peach had presented to the "happy couple;" and just as the bridegroom was about stepping into the vehicle, where sat the bride all beauty and blonde, Sam Peach delivered himself as follows:—

"Simmonds, you never asked me what I saw in you, when we first met, to bring you home, and take a fancy to you. Know, then, that in the five and thirty years I have been at the head of the coaching in Sheffield, I have had hundreds of military men in my office, booking for places. Generals, colonels, majors, and a crowd of captains, but you were the only ensign that ever came across me. For the singularity of the thing, I thought that phenomenon worthy of a good dinner; and your own good qualities have done the rest. Good bye, now, and let us hear from you and Mary every day."

SERPENTS AND THEIR POWERS.

"How shall we reason but from what we know?"—the poet demands. There is some sense in the question; but if we only reason from what we unquestionably know, it may be feared our powers of ratiocination will not be very constantly in great requisition, for what one authority establishes another equally eminent generally appears to overthrow. Hence, we really know little more than we can see, and in comparison with the number and magnitude of the objects which surround us—the powers and even the life of man will permit him to know but little. Schlegel, in writing on the "Physiognomy of Serpents," discredits much that had been stated. Even the size of the boa, of which we thought the best evidence had been obtained, he thus calls in question:—

"One is astonished to hear of sea-snakes of monstrous size; of boas from forty to fifty feet long that attack men, oxen, tigers, and swallow them whole, after having covered them with a frothy saliva: absurdities that bring to recollection those fables of winged monsters or dragons, of which the mythology of the ancient people of Asia has preserved the remembrance, and of

which the wayward fancy of the Chinese has multiplied the forms. What shall we say on reading in modern works of great reputation, descriptions of the marvellous effects produced on serpents by music; when travellers of talent tell us they have seen young snakes retreat into the mouth of their mother, every time that they were menaced with danger. Unfortunately, naturalists, in classing such fables with the number of facts, have often embellished with them their descriptions, and thus have contributed to give them universal acceptance. Who, for instance, will not be struck with the description which Latreille and Lacepede have drawn up of the habits of the boa, and of the other serpents of great size? How many qualities have not these philosophers attributed to those beings, which have never existed, except in their own imaginations!" The power of fascination which has been so generally ascribed to them, he thus explains away. "Many causes might have given rise to the origin of the pretended power of fascination of serpents. It is true that most animals appear absolutely ignorant of the danger which menaces them, when they find themselves in the presence of enemies as cruel as serpents; we often see them walk over the bodies of those reptiles, pick at their head, bite them, or lie down familiarly beside them: but we need not also deny, that an animal unexpectedly surprised, attacked by so formidable an adversary; seeing his menacing attitude, his movements performed with such celerity, may be so seized with fear as, at the first moment, to be deprived of its faculties, and rendered incapable of avoiding the fatal blow, which is inflicted at the moment when it perceives itself assailed. Mr. Barton Smith, in a memoir expressly written to refute all that has been advanced on the fascination of the rattlesnake, relates several instances which prove that birds do not show themselves afraid, except when the serpent approaches their nests to seize their young. Then one may see the terrified parents fly around their enemy, uttering plaintive cries, just as our warblers do when any one stops in the vicinity of their nests. It may also be, that the animals which it is pretended had been seen fluttering around the snake, and at last falling into its mouth, have been already wounded by its poison-fangs; a supposition which perfectly corresponds to the way in which venomous serpents master their prey. Many treesnakes seize their prey by twisting their slender tails around their victim. Dampier has several times been a witness to this spectacle: observing a bird flapping its wings, and uttering cries, without flying, this traveller perceived that the poor bird was

locked in the folds of a snake, when he attempted to lay hold of it. Russel presented one day a fowl to a dipsas, and the bird in a short time gave signs of death; not conceiving how the bite of a snake not poisonous, and so small, could produce such an effect, he carefully examined the fowl, and found the folds of the tail of the snake around the neck of the bird, which would have perished had he not disengaged it. Many birds of small size are accustomed to pursue birds of prey, and other enemies of their race, or fly about the place where the object of their hatred lies concealed: there is reason to believe that this phenomenon, unknown in Europe to every observer, also takes place in exotic regions; and perhaps this is also one of the circumstances which have contributed to the invention of the stories which have been related of the power of fascination in serpents."

The Gatherer.

A Captive Monarch's Occupation.—"Twenty years' ago," says F. Byrriere, "I fancied my fortune made. Such moderate and blameless fortune as a man desires, who is smitten with the love of letters, and longs only for a laborious leisure. I had learnt that the royal archives contained many manuscripts of Louis VI, and I obtained permission to inspect them. They were inclosed in an iron chest, itself connected with historic recollections, that encouraged my illusions. In this iron chest had been deposited the first hundred millions of assignats fabricated—what treasures, then, did it not contain? First, they drew out a little coffer of red morocco, covered with *fleur-de-lis*, figured in small silver nails; then, from the coffer, were extracted some twenty paper books, written wholly, and very carefully, with the king's hand. And what did these reciting pages contain?—Day by day, the recital of the hunts which the monarch had attended, particularizing the points of attack, the packs engaged, and the number and quality of the game destroyed. I read them all—ah, fated chest! Behold, my historical treasures down, in a moment, like the assignats, to Zero!"

An Ethiopian washed white.—A coloured man, who had just obtained his freedom, was accosted with familiarity by one of his former comrades, still in bondage. The freed man haughtily signified his disapprobation of such conduct, and inquired in creole French, "Do you not see that I am become a white man?" To this the unsophisticated slave replied, "Look in the fountain, and behold your face;" on which

the liberated man rejoined, "But observe the shoes upon my feet!" Slaves were not allowed to wear shoes in the Mauritius, nor were apprentices!

Writing a Mystery to Uncivilized Man.—William Fynn had lately visited the Fitkani chiefs, N'capai, and Faku, accompanied by one of the Wesleyan Missionaries. Their errand was to obtain a promise of peace for the land; and this object they succeeded. When with N'capai, he told them, that he had heard that the English could convey their ideas by means of writing, and he expressed a wish to see a proof of this marvellous power. One of them was sent out of the way, and, in his absence, something was concealed under the foot of a man, in a particular place, of the chief's own selecting. A note was then written, describing the thing concealed, and the place where it was hid, and sent by a messenger to the opposite party,—who came from his retreat, and following the description in the note, went directly to the man, lifted up the described foot, and produced the concealed article, to the amazement of the Chief,—who remarked, that none of their doctors could do such a thing.

Backbones.—Superstition among the Caffers.—In case of a person being drowned, oxen are sacrificed to the spirit of the waters. A man crossing a river, asks its spirit's leave; in travelling, he casts a stone to a heap on the left hand, and in returning, to another on the opposite of the path, considering himself strengthened, he knows not how, by this process.

New Publications.—We find announced as forthcoming, "The Life, Progress, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, &c., to his Capture and Execution, with copious Biographical Notices," by G. Roberts, in 2 vols.—"Moore's Irish Melodies," in imp. 8vo. with 154 designs, by D. Mac-lise, Esq., R. A., stated to have been years in preparation.

Heraldic Ink.—Mr. Ede has invented an ink to mark linen, which by means of a peculiar stamp, can be applied with great ease and cleanliness, to mark linen, and once enforced, it can never be obliterated. It does not injure the fabric of the garment, and till that is destroyed it can never be removed. By this means muslins and lace can receive an identifying mark, as well as common shirting or the coarsest towelling.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Phelim," "Seapronius," "An Original Subscriber, and "W. X.," are received.

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